"Them Was the Happy Days!"



By Clare Victor Dwiggins





TO THIS GREAT WORK OF THE ABOLITION DE FIGHTING , TO WHICH CAUSE I HAVE BEEN CONVERTED, I BRING A LIFE OF EXPERIENCE. I HAVE BEEN A FIGHTER ALL MY LIFE AND, I MAY-

ADD , TVE MEVER BEEN LICKED! - AND DAYS, I LICKED LITTLE JIMMY - THAT

Major Sunshine and Colonel Grouch

RUNT TILL MY FISTE ACHED! AND WHAT HIEN I WAS A . BON , BACK IN THE OLD I LICKED LITTLE JIMMY - THAT LITTLE SHRIMD SETTIN' OVER THERE-LITTLE SHRIMD SETTING THAT I WANTED , INSTEAD OF SHRING THAT

& ALWAYS GIT LICHED. LITTLE FOOL HA: HA' BUT [MUST CONFESS, GENTS, THAT I DID EMJOY SEEM THE

By "Hutch"

SOM ETHI



BACHELOR GIRL

By Helen Rowland

MAN'S anger usually goes up in smoke, a women's

After all, the difference between a sweetheart and a

husband is merely the difference between an artist and

Reflections of a . . .

comes down in tears.

If the woman of to-day insists on wearing her hair "scrambled" and

From the way in which most men make love you would fancy that the

A sooman doesn't really want to be worldly and wicked. She only wants

While the girl he ought to marry to spending her days in the pursuit of

Blood will tell-and it's usually your own blood relations who give you

Barcasm is a two-edged tool with which we out our own throats while

virtue and wisdom the average man is spending his in the pursuit of some

her brains "breaded," it is because men like them that way; every woman

delty of love should have been the two faced Janus rather than the fair

who ever made a fool of herself did it in order to please some man.

to SEEM to be worldly and wicked—in order to be attractive.

an artisan.

Week-End Visits Of a Summer Siren

Bu Alma Woodward

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World), 185 last words I wrote in this book were, "Here's to tonight—may it bring me a Hungrily I followed the figure of

madness, delirium-what you will! At 10.30 our house party started for for the clock to strike the hour of un-the Hollywood in Mr. Trowbridge's new masking. motor 'bus that Vers is going to use for theatre parties in the city next toward me. My heart best to suffoca-

of the Greuze, "A Broken Pitcher," and But before he had gone many steps looked sweet enough to eat.

But before he had gone many steps he turned and walked up directly be-The Count went as Romeo, and Stare fore me. as Oliver Cromwell. I, with a white

opera coat held closely about me, felt said. Aphrodite's garb a trifle too gossamery | And I knew then that it was he, my when we got there the fun was well because I was afraid to be natural.

was drifting through a slow, passionate waltz and as I passed through the wide doorway, a man, dressed as a Venetian gondoller, seised me gently around the moved toward a ourcained doorway, and with a swift, capable movement drew with a swift, capable movement drew through at into a small, dimity lit

ig, awaying step.
I was conscious first only of the perfact chythm of dancing-it was as if we and been dancing together always.

I looked up into his face, but the
mask concealed everything but his

His back was toward me, and I felt Then he grasped one of my wrists in couldn't be mistaken in that mighty his strong hand and said gayly:
"Come, Aphrodite, this is no place for physique and those vast shoulders. I "Come, Aphrodite, this is no place for stopped dancing suddenly, a blue mist thee, in rooms crowded to suffocation.

"Do you know who that man is" I whence thou camest." my Venotian partner.

am, won't you?" he answered in a ban- lenly.

Then I remember I said faintly I was

in Lisbon.

Southampton, Sunday, 5 A. M. | tired, and he led me to a low settee and

dream knight-with a bank- Othello with my eyes. He was talking to a willowy Queen Louise. I hated

The night is over and it has brought her!

The night is over and it has brought her!

I knew it must be he, and I longed

Than, a few minutes later, he strode tion as he stopped a moment and stared curiously, then moved on.

he turned and walked up directly be-"Will you denoe this with me?" he

under way—the ballroom a riot of color
and of beauty masked. The orghestra
bearing the melody, came to us as he
was drifting through a slow, passionate
held me close and almost lifted me

me through at into a small, dimly lit

conservatory.

Then, without speaking, he tore his mask from his eyes and, lifting mine, kissed me on the lips!
"You were afraid! That's the reason

aughing lips and smooth, cleft chin. you left me, my little Narragansett this, maybe, was the adventure I was siren," he whispered, holding me closebesting. We danced it almost through besting. We danced it almost through besting. We danced it almost through by "Don't be afraid of fove, little girl. It's the greatest gift the gods can give!"

Then suddenly at the far end of the I stood there, thrilling to my fingerom I beheld the tremendous stature tips, my hands loosely at my sides, an Othello.

before my eyes, and gripped the arm of Come to the sea with me-thy sea,

And slowly he pulled me after him down the steps, over the lawns, to where the white sand glistened in the "Ah, fair Aphrodite, ask rather who I mountight and the breakers boomed sul-

(To Be Continued.)

timony to the dragged over the noor, awakened the truth of remark-bold Captain, who saw nothing, but able manifesta- fired instantly in the direction of the tions, which, if noise. His light went out, but he rose they really oc- and groped around the room, finding,

curred, must be set to his amazement, that the doors were down as the per-not opened, and there was no trace of formance of imps, any intruders.

demons, ghosts. Waking his servants he learned that "elementals," or they had heard nothing-not even the

Some Spook Stories By David A. Curtis. Converget, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). No. 2—The Haunted Palace and he promised himself the pleasure of shooting at them.

some creatures not within the ken report of his pistols. He made a search of mortal man.

because of its being haunted. A certain on, hearing nothing.

The Moving Finger



Greatest Summer Novel of the Year



faced Venus.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

At midnight the doors of his roon.

HE most skeptical appeared to open suddenly and violentpersons have it. A strong wind blew in, and a tre-sometimes borne mendous groaning and a noise as of the strongest test some person in heavy chains being

bl.L." said Violet, "of sil the idlots I ever knew. Haven't I told you time after time that this place is infested with detec-tives? We get them here every day or so, trying to trap us, women as well as men. And yet you waik in as though the place belonged to you. The one thing they are so anxious to find out is who is running

Something over half a century ago were none. He remained awake the there stood in Liebon, Portugal, a palace, already old, which had been tenfooled. But the same phenomena were "I was a fool to come, Violet," Baton antless and abandoned for some time repeated, while again his servants slept admitted, "and I am going at once because of its being haunted. A certain on, hearing nothing. Captain of the British navy, seeking a A precisely similar experience on the lodging in the city, laughed at the substitute of the control of the palace.

A precisely similar experience on the lodging in the city, laughed at the substitute of the captain's was since of came in."

Derstition and hired the palace. Wife that she declared herself unable to He ordered his servants to sleep out- endure a repetition of it, and the Cap-"I will go," Saton said. "Dil you come to see me?" she asked, with a momentary softening in her side the doors of his room, and placing tain reluctantly gave up his determinaa brace of pistols on his night table, tion to solve the mystery. He left the went to sleep with a candle burning house which was not long after torn

beside his bed. His belief was that down by its owners. criminals of some sort made the noises. This story was told by Mademe Fellx which had been attributed to ghosts, Lamb of No. 17 Rue Tiquetonne, Paris. "I will not stop now, or that man below

the door.
"I'll send you a telegram," he an-

trand?" she begged, fellowing him to

Converted, 190 and 1911, by fatth, Rows & Co.

STROHERS OF PRECENTED CHIPTERS.

The property of the design of the property of

fufly little thing he ought NOT to marry.

away to the outside world.

we are cutting other people's vanity.

connect him with your establishment, and also with a little office where some very strange business has been transacted during the last few months. You know where I mean. What do you say? Shall we have a talk?"

She walked by his side along Piccadilly.

"We may as well," she said. "We'll so into the Cafe Royal and sit down." (To Be Continued.)

"Four Weeks of O. Heary stories;" beginning in next Menday's Breaks World. The last and best stories of America's greatest short story writer. Don't miss them.

Hay Fever Goggles.

A HAY fever victim who has found relief in wearing satomobile soggles and thus protecting his eyes from flying pollen-suggests his eyes from flying pollon-guggests that if this precaution was generally taken at the approach of the annual attack, a good deal of discomfort might be avoided. It has been believed that the intense inflammation of the eyes—like that of the throat—which usually goes with hay fever—is the result of the nasal disturbance eather than the cause of it. But there is medical authority for another theory—that the trouble with eyes is the direct result of the irritating pollen, and that tears. of the irritating pollen, and that tears, passing through the tear-ducts, carry the trouble on to the threat. Goggles will not cure hay fever, but if this

By Joe Ryan Darktown Doings



"We took a twelve-mile eall today. Got the sloop at reduced rates." "O, I see. A bargain-sail!" Win many and Strangen 1



"When you offered the life saver a quarter for rescuing you, what did he say?"
"Said he was sorry but he hadn't twenty-four cents in change."
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The Day's Good Stories

Wishing.

Onto His Job.

The young man had never told his love and the young woman had never given him an opening. But they direct looking and together they found the wish bone of the foxt. Bridling and confused, they broke the wishings between them.

"Tell me what you wished," she demanded.
"Yell, a will if you will."
"It hats to do it, for fear it might not come time."
"Maybe it would. Anshow, you promised."
"Maybe it would. Anshow, you promised."
"Well, I wand into you might let me also you.

"Maybe it would. Anshow, you promised."
"Well, I wand into you might let me also you.

"Substant a best popped out of one of the properties and the reach paired. So he got him young woman was honest or not. She refused to read my hand or look into the crystal for me, simply because I protect me, simply because I

"Maybe it would. Anshow, you promised."
"Well. I would find you might let me also you!" What did you wish?"
"Well, I drawn't tell, now!"
"You promised, and you're got to."
"But it jus't fair. I didn't know what you wished, and so I wished that your wish might sense true."
"A wreck! Wow! Oh-oh-oh-wow-wow! My neck! My chest! My back! Oh-oh-oh!"—Kanss Then it hanconed.—Now Orienns Item.
"Surfective a berl nopped out of one of the berlies, and a man shouted!
"Surfective a berl nopped out of one of the crystial for me, simply hecause I was a man. Did she treat you in just the same way?"
"The silent a berl nopped out of one of the crystial for me, simply hecause I was a man. Did she treat you in just the same way?"
"The silent a berl nopped out of one of the crystial for me, simply hecause I was a man. Did she treat you in just the same way?"
"The detective smiled.
"Yes!" he said. "She was very much on her guard indeed. Declined to have anything to do with ma."